one thing nor the other, neither grossly bad nor sublimely perfect.

In one instance, the Filipinos made a national issue of an alleged slander on their character. President Hoover named Mr. Nicholas Roosevelt to be Vice Governor of the Philippines. Unfortunately for Mr. Roosevelt, he had written a book about the Philippines *(The Philippines, a Treasure and a Problem)*^ and a very readable book at that, but it contained pages that the Filipinos did not like. A mammoth mass-meeting was held. Mr. Roosevelt's book was burned on the sacrificial pyre—that is, it is claimed that it was burned, but those "in the know" say that no Roosevelt book could be found and that another, anonymous, book was substituted. At any rate, Filipino feeling was calmed, and Mr. Roosevelt was quietly shifted to the innocuous post of Minister to Hungary.

The display at the St. Louis World Fair in 1904 and at side-shows of the Igorots in gee-strings spread a false notion throughout the United States that these people were typical Filipinos. Add to this the popular fiction that the Malay is a being secretive, revengeful, and untrustworthy, and you find the root cause of American misunderstanding of the Filipinos. It is, therefore, no wonder that the American gasps in astonishment when he meets a Filipino college youth studying for his doctor's degree.

Of course the Filipinos have resented the reflection on their national character. Filipino leaders of thought, like Supreme Court Justices Villamor and Romualdez, have at last had to say a word in behalf of their compatriots. They

have conceded that it is difficult for the Occidental to understand the idiosyncrasies of the Filipinos. "Perhaps no race has been so much misunderstood and as poorly studied as the Filipinos/* wrote the first-named jurist.[6] They have then had to defend their people from unjust criticism.

Now I do not claim any right to more knowledge of the

[6] **Justice Ig-nacio Villamor, *Industrious Men* (1930), p. X.**